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[Translated by the Editor.]

A Review of the History of Music before Mozart.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 99)

We cannot follow all the improvements, advances and transformations of the lyric drama. This is the task of history. Ours consists in briefly depicting the spirit of each epoch and in finally indicating wherein every one of these has contributed to prepare the epoch of MOZART. We leave in the background facts and names,

with which we presuppose the reader already familiar, and speak only of the general tendencies, which the lyric drama obeyed among the Italians and the French, the only nations, which before MOZART could boast of possessing a national opera.

Italy, which already swarmed with celebrated musicians and intelligent dilettanti, hastened to shake off the intolerable burden of an everlasting Recitative without character and without instrumentation. Already had Stradella, Carissimi, Cesti, Cavalli, appeared; Scarlatti followed then Names dear to every friend of music. These gave the world the genuine, the grand secret of the dramatic style:—a Recitative, which already began to adapt itself to grammatical, logical and rhetorical intonation; a Recitative, which spoke the natural speech: and what was more and better, Melody, Airs. The thenceforth purely natural in melody shaped itself to the Ideal, that is, to the natural in its highest perfection, which is superior to the primitive song in euphony, in beauty of forms and variety of expression, as in the number and choice of the chords, out of which it sprang. Through this alone the music of the theatre became for all feeling souls that wonderful, enchanting, omnipotent art, of which the men of earlier times had had some presentiment, but no knowledge. The Italians prostrated themselves before this new god, who was to subdue the world to them; they introduced song into the opera; gradually they sacrificed to it all their old idols, both Olympus and Tartarus, the machineries and the dance, yes, even the horses. Yet a little while, and we shall see the drama itself sacrificed to song.

The extraordinary enthusiasm, with which the above named composers inspired their countrymen, must not surprise us. These men correspond, in the progress of melody, to Palestrina. On the other hand, one is astonished, when he looks through the vocal compositions of Carissimi, at finding them, in spite of their great simplicity, more fresh and full of happier invention, than a multitude of airs which date from the eighteenth century. A simple figured bass accompanies them, and there is sometimes in this bass more harmony than in the orchestras of a period which very aged people yet remember. Our task must limit itself to pointing out the causes of this relative and local inferiority in the most musical country in the world, at a time when Art had received an immeasurable impulse in other coun-

tries, which till then had only played a very modest part in the history of Music.

In proportion as dramatic melody enriched itself by new turns and passages, the talent of vocal delivery developed with it, and began to react upon the work of the composers. The singers, who before had formed one soul with these, now made a class by themselves. They had their own interest, strictly separate from that of the *mæstro* and the poet, whereby they soon knew how to domineer over both. Of all the delights, which music has power to produce, the most prominent, or at least the most universally felt is the charm of a beautiful voice, united with that brilliant mechanical facility, which is called *virtuosity*. When once the dilettanti had tasted this enjoyment, (I mean the great mass of dilettanti, to whom artists owed their fame and income,) they became rather indifferent, as a general rule, to all the rest. If the music is only of such a sort, as to allow the favorite artist to produce all his means of seduction and enchantment; if the drama only affords an opportunity, no matter how, for arias and duets for the principal tenor and the *prima donna*, then the music is declared good enough, the piece rational enough. The singers understood their advantage and made the most of it. Since they knew better than the *mæstro* both the extent of their own personal means, and the possibilities of *solfeggio* in general, with all the finesses of the trade, by which it succeeds in winning over the public, it soon resulted that a large space in the composition of an opera was allotted to them. What they received from the *mæstro* as *canilena*, they returned to him in embellishments or *floriture* and *bravura* passages. Scarcely were they in possession of the most indispensable part of song, when the luxury of passages announced itself; which we may see from the *Orontea* of Cesti, where we find such in the first theatre airs ever composed.

This growing preponderance of the interests of execution over the united interests of the score and the libretto had with the Italians the inevitable consequences of their superiority in the art of singing, which they created, in which they so early distinguished themselves, and which they so passionately loved. It perfectly explains the fate of Opera in their land.

The melodists of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century had to deal with singers, who were yet children and scarcely knew the A B C of the *bravura*. So far from

submitting to their influence, they on the contrary formed them by their instruction and examples. They were the masters in every thing; they freely followed their own inspirations as intelligent and creative artists, and indeed the more so since the Italian music had not yet those settled forms, which have since so distinguished it and set a national stamp upon it. Besides a beautiful song, the *maestri* could show their cleverness in other respects, in the accompaniments, the choruses and duets; for we must remark that Stradella, Carissimi, Searlatti, and after them the immortal Leonardo Leo, were good melodists, as well as learned harmonists and contrapuntists. They were complete men for their times. Hence, in spite of their venerable age, they have retained a youthful aspect, and even to-day serve for the admiration of artists and the study of musicians.

But these great melodists neglected a very essential part of song; we mean the Rhythmo-poia or Measure. Their vocal phrases, contracted and as it were isolated from one another by too frequent cadences,* lacked symmetry, and did not fit themselves to periods. Just so it was with the arias as a whole. The scholars of Searlatti and of Leo remedied this defect; they gave to the vocal sentence the development which it required; they divided the *aria* into two parts; they introduced the *da capo* or repetition of the first part; they lengthened out the *ritornel* at the beginning and end; and the melody grew beautiful with new charms in the works of Vinci, Pergolese, Hasse, and a crowd of other distinguished composers, of the brilliant Neapolitan school.

Upon these happy completions, which established the dramatic melody in all its rights, a revolution was necessarily consequent, both in the art of music, which they simplified in many respects, and in the art of singing, which they enriched, and to which they lent an incalculable importance. The little piece-meal phrases of the old masters still required imitation and a mixture of the fugued style with the operatic pieces, which compelled the singers to a strict and literal execution of the music; in regular, numerous and richly developed periods, however, imitative forms and an intricate accompaniment were not applicable, or at least seemed not to be. Hence they thought it well to reduce the accompaniment to its simplest harmonic expression. An intelligent and in fact the only just idea. Anything better in this kind at that time would have exceeded the insight as well as the powers of the whole body of living composers. Simplification of the accompaniment,—that was the way to open a free path to the further progress of vocal melody: but on the other hand it left the singers perfectly free play, and founded the dominion of the incidental matter, since on the smooth and elastic basis of a succession of natural chords it enabled the artist to undertake and execute everything. From that time forward the singers decidedly gained the advantage over the *maestro*, and, in possession of the privilege of the *da capo*, they became accustomed to consider the score a collection of themes, whose merit depended solely on the variations, which the science, talent and inventive spirit of the performer understood how to attach to them.

*I must here remark, that I always use the word *cadence* according to its etymology, and understand by it the conclusion, the point of rest to the musical period.

The sort of coöperation reserved to a singer, in the composition of an opera, does not need perhaps to be defined. The singer can and must require to have his means consulted and made available, without injury to other claims, since upon that in a great degree depends the success of the work. In this respect the interests of the composer are closely interwoven with his own, and there can be no conflict between them; a peaceful understanding secures to both their mutual advantages and all goes forward admirably. This union, founded in the nature of things, was soon reversed in Italy. The singers, who as virtuosos became continually greater, the more ignorant they were as musicians, felt themselves all at once strong enough to prescribe to the composers the outline, the intentions, the embellishments, the expansion, the whole economy of a piece of music. They commanded, in a word, as a master commands his journeymen. If one would survey at a glance the consequences of this exchange of parts, he has only to consider what the gracious will of the singer in general represents, who frequently is nothing but a machine, usurping the most important rights of the artist and undertaking the intellectual part of the work. This gracious will represents invariably the taste of the time, the accepted forms, the turns and passages that are willingly listened to, the means which experience has shown to please; it represents the routine and nothing else. For it is a settled case, that inasmuch as the public can desire nothing but that which pleases it, and can be pleased with nothing but what it knows, the singers on their side will constantly prefer an everlasting rumination of that, which is accompanied by infallible applause, to new conceptions, which perhaps do not please, or if they do please, might confer more honor on the composer than on themselves.

I know that the ear is as much a thing of habit, as it is unsteady; the first, because it is easily offended by unwonted impressions; the second, because it is easily wearied by the eternal repetition of one and the same thing. But there were the singers who could satisfy the need of timely innovations much better than the *maestri*, without injury to the forms, which routine had gradually consecrated and made in a certain manner national. Since the art of singing was progressive, every generation of virtuosos came along with a stock of ornamental melody, vocal embellishments and bravura pieces, in quantity and quality far surpassing the stock of their predecessors. The composers were compelled to conform to these new conditions. New singers, new music; such was in Italy the rule, to which the intelligent Burney subscribes without the least limitation. In this way the opera was manufactured in a great part out of melodic common-places, which never changed, and out of a certain number of unvarying *floriture*, since it depended on the amount of executive means and the caprices of the fashion. When a *prima donna*, or a *musicco* of note left the stage or the world, they took with them the collective works of their fame into their places of retirement, or their graves. To wish to publish works of this sort, would therefore have been altogether unnecessary. They copied them, distributed them, either whole or in single numbers, among the dilettanti, so long as they found applause, and they were almost never printed. Before an edition could have been got ready, no

one would have cared for them any more. That with these elements and this system of composition music never was fresher, more engaging, more adapted to the passing moment, than that of the Italian opera in the eighteenth century, will readily be comprehended under these circumstances. Always the same, and always new; but therein also lay the reason why this music appears emptier and flatter than that of any other epoch. The fashion of yesterday always appears older than that of a hundred years ago.

But what became of musical Tragedy, of the ancient sorrow, under the dominion of the modern Orpheuses? When Tragedy saw that no one longer thought of her, neither the poet, nor still less the *maestro*, least of all the singers, she forsook the lyric stage, scarcely after the prologue to *Euridice* had invoked her thither, and vowed in her anger never more to set her foot upon the Italian theatre; and faithfully she kept her word. They wished her a happy voyage and put the *Opera Seria* in her place, which was about as tractable as Tragedy was intractable, being half society and half concert, in which the singers, for the quieting of their consciences, brought forward I know not what erotic and heroic nonsense, while the spectators wandered about from box to box, partook of refreshments, conversed or paid their court to the ladies. But attention! The concert begins. The Soprano enters, announced by a pompous *ritornel*. The deepest silence ensues, every body listens, and as soon as the number is over, a stormy applause follows, whereupon every one returns to his previous entertainment, which the music has only interrupted for a moment. How naturally *maestro* and singers expended their whole power upon the few principal numbers which made up the whole opera, while the others merely served to fill out the remainder of the musical evening, which lasted very long, and to make the *tele-a-tele* that were carried on, inaudible to the neighbors! Accordingly the *maestro* very carelessly prepared *arie di sorbetti* (airs during which they ate ice-creams), which were assigned to the subordinate subjects, and were always good enough, seeing that nobody listened to them. Hence it comes, that in spite of many beautiful and lovely single numbers, the old Italian repertoire does not contain a single work sustained in such a manner, that the different parts make up a whole of any worth; hence too the extraordinary fruitfulness of the *maestri* of that time, some of whom composed as many as two hundred operas, not one of which has outlived its author.

We may with truth then say, that the Italian opera, as a theatrical action or branch of the dramatic art, found itself on the way of decline even before it properly had got to be an opera, since the first *castrati*, who sang upon the stage, were contemporaries of Peri and Caccini. Is any other proof required, that the Italians never have taken hold of the musical drama in earnest? The very sight of those heroes and lovers, who were not even men, disturbed even the shadow of illusion and transformed a serious and noble play into a clumsy parody; or, if such creatures sometimes awakened sympathy, it certainly was not the tragic sympathy. I can find no expressions to add to the philanthropic pity of the historians for these unfortunate victims, as they maintain, of music; but I would vindicate music from a reproach, which it is far from deserving. Music

was not only innocent of this infamy, but she protested with her whole might against a custom, of which she herself was the first victim. Can we in reality comprehend the advantage or the satisfaction, which the Italians found and still find in giving men's parts to the highest vocal register? To women belong the Soprano and Contralto; to men the Tenor and Bass: that is the natural order, which under all the combinations of the vocal accord is the most advantageous in four-voiced composition, as it is incomparably the most agreeable to the ear. What is gained by setting in the place of an indispensable middle voice another first voice? The gain is for me, I repeat, a mystery; the loss is all too evident. One principal disadvantage lies in this, that the arias of the first subjects are all struck off to the pattern of one voice. A second disadvantage is, that the duets and trios lose in coloring and effect. The tenor is either wanting altogether or it is banished into a subordinate part, where in the *ensemble* pieces, with the bass, it has to express the rage of tyrants or the feelings of paternal love, and contrary to its nature is excluded from the part of the first lover, which all the dramatic and musical fitnesses point out as its own. This is the third disadvantage, which there is nothing to compensate, for the Tenor is the voice above all others indicated by nature for the expression of love; it is among all sounds, which nature and art can produce, the most exquisite and penetrating. Finally, to complete the measure of disadvantages, the bass voice, that true ground-pillar of harmony, that mighty expression of majestic and terrible parts, is wholly banished from the *Opera Seria*!! One seeks in vain for the cause of such great musical barbarism and simplicity, since one knows by experience that the finest artificial voices never equal, nor can equal a fine woman's voice, and that, if we must have the one folly or the other, the present practice, of giving the first male part to the alto-ist, is far preferable to that of placing the soprano in the hands of a half man. With some forty years, I am yet old enough to have seen the fair remains of this once so flourishing institution. I have known more than one *musico*, and among others in Dresden the celebrated Sassaroli, who in his day perhaps possessed the finest falsetto voice in Europe. I confess, that in the church this voice had an extraordinary effect, because the vast resonance of the place tripled its power and concealed its quality; but in the theatre it sounded almost intolerable; it had, like the voices of almost all *castrati*, that very strong and sharp falsetto ring. Poor Sassaroli! I fancy I yet see him before me with the helm of the Curiatii upon his head, and that enormous bulk, that cyclopean build, *rudis inligestaque moles*, measuring the floor with great strides, gesticulating like a gigantic puppet, all the while cooing like a flute hidden in the belly of a contra-basso, and all this against Benelli (Horatius), the greatest singer and greatest actor next to Talma, that I ever saw or heard. By a fortunate though strange anomaly, the Italians who could not dispense with the *castrati* in the *Opera Seria*, did not, so far as I know, admit them into the *Opera Buffa*, where they would at least have been one buffoonery more.

In consequence of these abuses and these *bizarres* customs, the music of the Italian theatre had sunk into a kind of formalism, from which it never since has risen. It had assumed a national

type, which appeared and still appears to its adherents as the type of perfection.

[To be continued.]

A Musical Family.

[From Eliza Cook's Journal.]

We know the Thornberry family to be very worthy people. They were once well off, and kept a large house in a large square, with a footman, all drab and scarlet, and a page, "all green and yellow;" though we cannot give the full quotation by adding "melancholy," for Rupert was one of the merriest domestic plagues that ever privately perplexed a mistress or publicly abused a housemaid.

The Thornberrys were of that class of enthusiastic devotees to Apollo, known as "music mad." Their evening parties recognized no rational method of passing the hours but that of "singing and playing" unceasingly; and we always dreaded being invited to them, as we were certain of having "too much of a good thing;" but then we could steal away after an hour's appearance, and not be missed from the spacious rooms and crowded assembly; now the case is altered. The Thornberrys are sadly reduced in circumstances, and are obliged to live in one of those dreary, miserable looking rows of eight-roomed houses found in the streets about the Commercial Road, with one female drudge, who supplies their household demands, as a general shop does a country village, with every thing required, from bacon and butter to blacking and brickdust. The footman and the "scarlet" we see no longer, but the "drab" remains painfully visible. The "green and yellow" page is gone, but the "melancholy" seems plentifully added. Coals are had in by the single ton—whether to accommodate the limits of cellar or purse we will not question. The girls' merino dresses are always "turned" for the second winter; and the boys' coats are evidently "revived" at collars and seams. They have a number of "make-up" dinners, which signifies six mutton-chops for seven appetites; and they have taken a wonderful fancy to talking by firelight, scrupulously keeping the candles unlighted for the perfect enjoyment thereof. Mrs. Thornberry is an elderly lady of great personal pride, which, contrary to that of the peacock, has always chiefly exhibited itself in the arrangement of her head. We can recollect her wearing such feathers and such ribbons as used to astonish our young mind, but lately she has often declared that quiet head-dresses are most becoming to her years; and she accordingly mounts a most unimposing model of a dark-colored something, with an indication of floral ornament about it, which, from the length of time we have recognized the same, we should say belongs to the tribe of flowers known as "everlasting." Very praiseworthy are these economical sacrifices on the part of the Thornberrys, and we respect them highly for such conduct; but there is one inconsistency still persisted in by them; they will give "musical parties," and the possession of the wiry skeleton of one of Broadwood's pianos, coupled with their mania for singing and playing, are the causes of rather pitiable attempts at their olden entertainments. The manner in which they now "get up" musical evenings inspires us with equal regret and dread. These evenings occur about once in three months, and we are always asked to join them. The Thornberrys now limit their invitations to the friends who are supposed to have a genuine love of music, and, unfortunately, we are among the number. They always muster three or four among the party who are as insanely devoted to harmony as themselves, but whose talent and voices are somewhat questionable, although they may be professionally educated, or enthusiastically ready. The last of these evenings spent there tried us to such a degree, that we fear we must be "indisposed" when our next invitation arrives. We will just give a sketch in few and light lines of the affair, for the full, Rembrandt depths of detail would be too wearisome to offer.

It was a cold and rainy night. Five miles in a

very objectionable cab did not add to our natural vital power, and, on our arrival, we shivered like a shaken *blancmange*, as we entered a fireless bedroom, where a solitary candle, before a small dressing-glass, was quivering and guttering, as though ashamed of beholding its reflected form. The cheerless gloom struck to our heart, and we felt as if we were going to a funeral, without hopes of a legacy. We descended to the front parlor without the slightest attempt to put ourselves to "rights," and there found about twenty persons, sitting in stately propriety, under the illuminating influences of dark grey paper, touched here and there with stone-colored damp; dingy brown window-curtains, faded Turkey carpet, and four composites, two on the mantelpiece, and two on the remains of "Broadwood." A black teaboard, relieved with green tea, white sugar, and sky-blue milk, was at the end of its voyage round the room. We took a cup of fluid for ceremony's sake; but before we had finished it, the eldest Miss Thornberry made a move to the heap of music on a little side-table, and seemed vainly seeking for some particular composition, though we firmly believe she knew perfectly well where to put her hand upon it. Mr. Crackerly, an elderly gentleman, one of the Thornberry's Cecilian band, with very red face and very curly wig, flew to assist her. Miss Selina Thornberry went to assist both; and, after a few moments of serious whispering, the announcement was made, "that they were going to do 'When Time was entwining.'" Accordingly a profound stillness and silence were instantly observed, for it would affront the Thornberry's for ever to speak or stir while "music" was going on; and we had to embrace our cup and saucer without moving a muscle, until the glee was finished. We then hurried it on to the table, and took a long breath; but before we had time to brush away the imaginary cobwebs from our nose with our full-dress *mouchoir*, Miss Fitzquaver, of the R. A., took the vacated seat, and commenced the Overture to *Der Freyschütz*. Now, this overture, above all others, requires at least one good instrument, and one good performer; but the poor old Broadwood was unequal to the task, and so was Miss Fitzquaver. However, what the lady wanted in science she made up in rapidity, which we secretly thanked heaven for, and she was led in triumph from the stool by Mr. Crackerly, while every tongue expressed its sense of gratitude for her condescension, and admiration of her execution. "Now Mr. Sweetman, will you kindly oblige us?" said Mrs. Thornberry, with a sort of coaxing dignity; and a pale youth, with a blue waistcoat and white satin straight jacket about his neck, immediately produced an elegant Concertina, and hinted his acquirement of some exquisite variations on "Annie Laurie." Of course every one would be delighted to hear them; but alas! the young gentleman was either nervous, or had neglected to practice sufficiently, for he made a "sad mess" of poor "Annie;" and even Mr. Crackerly, with all his good nature, advised him to "try something else;" and we had another ten minutes of very inferior entertainment to listen to. We had hoped at the conclusion to have a chance of some "talk" with Mrs. Flowerlounge, who is "well up" in all the private scandal of Belgravia, and always makes herself "a charming companion," at the mere expense of truth and reputation. We had only just learned from her that Sir William Spooner had got himself into Jewish bondage to a fearful extent, and that Miss Flashem had eloped with her papa's groom, when the first notes of "The Standard-bearer" struck us dumb, and we were all stock-still for another quarter of an hour. Mr. Crackerly had just handed the small young lady, who had most appropriately essayed this fine song, to her seat; and we ventured to walk across the room, with the intention of getting out of a strong draught, and speaking to Mrs. Thornberry on some interesting domestic topic. We had only arrived at the important declaration, that we thought her son Edward was somewhat stouter, when the old lady managed to place herself on half of her seat, and whispered, "Just sit down on my chair, my dear, and give me your

opinion of Mr. Suckling's voice. He is intended for the stage, I believe, and they say he has a superb 'tenor.' As Mr. Suckling had already commenced work, and dear Mrs. Thornberry's hand was on our shoulder, we could do nothing less than sit in a state of wretched cramp while Mr. Suckling strained and struggled through an air from *Robert le Diable*, which we had heard Sims Reeves sing a few evenings before. We were waxing somewhat wrath at the continuous stretch of our patience; but alas! we were doomed to "music," and nothing else, for another hour, when "supper" was spoken of. Mr. Edward Thornberry took us into the back parlor, and confidentially informed us during our route over the three yards of passage, that his brother Henry, a lad of sixteen, was going to give a solo on the violin in the supper-room. We felt in a sort of dry cold bath, and swallowed a sandwich of unknown constituency with desperate deglutition, attempting, as desperately, to drown its memory in a glass of mysterious beverage, recognized at parties by kind-hearted and amiable people as "sherry." "Do try a custard," said some one at our elbow. "Thank you," we replied; "we have had enough of the *tart*," and at this moment Mr. Crackerly knocked a knife-handle on the table to demand silence for the solo. The fiddle was out of tune, the fiddler was more conceited than competent; and sixteen pages of growl, squeak, and scrape, sent us into the extremity of impatience. No sooner had Mr. Henry retired from congratulations, and flung himself into the neighborhood of the tipsy cake, than Mr. Edward, who had managed to take family liberties with the decanters, volunteered, in the exuberance of his elevation, to favor us with "The Glasses sparkle on the Board." We began to grasp for sheer want of breath, and contemplated a polite escape from the harmonic meeting, when the last named gentleman, on the strength of another glass of port, which from its very opaque and sombre character must certainly have come from the "Shades," intimated that he had lately taken to study the Sax horn. We arose from our chair, pushed three ladies rather more into the wall, and hastened up stairs to muffle ourselves, and depart before we lost all command over our temper. As we descended, Mrs. Thornberry entreated us to listen to Edward, who was about to try a Swedish melody on his horn. We believe we uttered some slight untruths about a sudden pain in our chest, and fought our way into a cab with nervous intrepidity. O, what a relief it was to get out of that densely musical atmosphere; how earnestly we vowed never to accept another invitation to the Thornberrys' parties, and how we mean to keep that vow. We will go and see them under any reasonable state of discomfort; we will put up with "cold shoulder," weak tea, lengthened twilight—in short, with anything save an "entirely" musical evening. What a pity it is that people attempt what they have not the means to carry out properly. Our respect for the Thornberrys is unabated; but they must excuse our being again martyred at the shrine of a morbid infatuation. Now that we have vented our grumbling we will proceed to business, though we have a suspicion that "our boy Tom" holds our criticizing duties in as sad a light as we do the Thornberrys' Apollonian feasts; for we hear that he has remarked as to our playing, "a precious lot of stupid, ugly things." We must enlighten him as to the composers being sometimes in fault rather than ourselves." ELIZA COOK.

Anecdotes of Mozart.

At the first general rehearsal of *Don Juan*, two amusing episodes occurred. Signora Bondini, who sang the part of Zerlina, was always at fault in the *finale* of the first act, where she has to call out for help. She either did not scream in the right place or else not loud enough; this might easily have produced confusion in the music, and, considering the importance of the situation, have given the piece, in a dramatic point of view, a blow from which it might not have recovered. Mozart impatiently stepped on the stage, caused

the last bars of the minuet to be repeated, and, at the instant Zerlina's voice should be heard behind the scenes, seized the lady so tightly by the waist that she cried out this time in good earnest. "*Brava Donella!*"—that is the way you must scream," said our hero. On coming to the churchyard scene, he stopped the rehearsal, as one of the trombonists who had to accompany the Commander's song, *Di rider finirai*, made a mistake. The passage was repeated two or three times, and, on each occasion, the same mistake occurred. The composer then left his place, and, going to the incorrigible trombonist, explained how he wished the passage to be played. The musician answered rather drily: "It is impossible to play it so, and I am not going to learn how to do it from you." "Heaven forbid that I should attempt to teach you the trombone, my good friend," replied Mozart, laughing. He then asked for pen, ink, and paper, and added two oboes, two clarinets, and two bassoons to the accompaniment, at the same time altering the impossible passage for the trombone.—*Oulibicheff*.

KAINTUCK AND THE FIDDLER.—On board the steamer Indiana, in one of her trips down the Mississippi, were a large number of good natured passengers. They were seeking to while away the hours, according to their several notions of pleasure, and would have got on well but for one annoyance.

There happened to be on board a Hoosier from the Wabash, who was going down to Orleans, and he had provided himself with an old violin, fancying that he could fiddle as well as the best man, and planting himself where he would attract notice, scraped away. The fellow couldn't fiddle any more than a setting hen, and the horrible noise disturbed his fellow passengers excessively.

A Frenchman of very delicate nerves, and a very fine musical ear, was especially annoyed. He fluttered, fidgeted, and swore at the 'sacred' fiddle. The passengers tried various experiments to rid themselves of the Hoosier and his fiddle, it was no go.—He would music just as long as he—please. At last a big Kentuckian sprang from his seat saying, 'I reckon I'll fix him,' placed himself near the amateur fiddler, and commenced braying with all his might. The effect of the move was beyond description. Old Kentucky brayed so loud that he drowned the screeching of the fiddle, and amid the shouts of the passengers, the discomfited Hoosier retreated below, leaving the victory of the unequal contest to the Kentuckian and his singular *impromptu* imitation of Balaam's friend. The delight of the Frenchman knew no bounds; quiet was restored for the day. During the night the Kentuckian left the boat.

The next morning, after breakfast, the passengers were startled by the discordant sound of their old tormentor; Hoosier had discovered that the coast was clear, and was bound to revenge himself on the passengers. Louder and worse than ever screamed the fiddle. The Frenchman, just seated to read his paper, on the first sound, rose, looked anxiously round, shrugged his shoulders, and then shouted, 'Vare is he? vare is he? Queeck, queeck, *Mon Dieu!* Vare is Monsieur Kentucky, de man eat play on de jacksass?'

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. L.

NEW YORK, July 2.—Attended service to-day in the finest church, architecturally considered—according to my notions—in the city, Dr. Tyng's. But why did they stick the grand organ away up there under the roof, so that the singers in that ball room music box, look about as much like an integral part of the congregation, as the fiddlers in the ball-room aforesaid do like part and parcel of the dancing party. Perhaps the architect puts the makers of the music, and the makers of the fires, the door-keepers and the servants outside waiting on the coach-boxes, in the same category. However, no matter how it happened, there the singers are, hung up in one

end of the room half way up to the ridge-pole. I sat in the gallery about midway of the church, and though placed where I thought to hear the singing most favorably, many of Anna Stone's splendid trumpet-tones came to the ear *not ff*, fortissimo, but *fff*, far, faint and feeble. I admit it is mere guess-work—but I *do* guess that singing in that box is labor of no ordinary degree: she *will* be heard, and her tones were the only ones of the quartet which at my seat could be followed. Low bass notes came distinctly to the ear, so did the upper notes of the tenor, but faintly; as to the alto I heard no note, and when Anna Stone's notes fell into the lower register, I could hardly catch them. But how her fine, clear, upper notes rang on the ear! What can the Bostonians do without her? But my disappointment at finding the music of that beautiful quartet, with the excellent organ-playing of Bristow, utterly ineffective through the asinine stupidity of whatever powers that be, which hung the performers, like Haman, fifty cubits high, has aroused all my old bile at the total disregard of all principles of acoustics on the part of the two-legged animals, who hang out signs with the word *Architect* painted upon it in big letters.

Some centuries since a huge altar with a world of paraphernalia was a necessity in the church, and a sort of sanctum sanctorum was built for it in form of an apse; and now, though we discard all the traps and trappings, we must be Gothic, and have a chancel, though it *does* render all the preacher says inaudible to half the congregation. Then as what the priest said was always intoned and chanted, the form of the sanctum was of no importance. Furthermore in those days a sort of uniformity in the altar end of the church, and that opposite, was attained by a handsome gallery supporting the organ, in many churches, producing as a whole a very beautiful effect. As the office of the choir was simply to respond to the priests, except in case of many singers and plenty of instrumental music, and as they sang in an unknown tongue, nothing was lost by elevating them high up above the people. In the large Catholic churches and cathedrals of the old world any one who has been there will see at once that this is necessary in order to secure the proper correspondence between priest and choir. But in churches of no great extent, where the singers are to sing English, and are supposed to lead the devotions of the people, and where their music is in no danger of being lost either in the distance or in the noise of peripatetic crowds below, as in the cathedrals above referred to, what reason can the Vandal give for perching them up under the roof, as in a swallow's nest? Oh, that's Gothic. So it is—the very Gothic of the dark ages. Mr. Architect, let me inform you of a fact which seems to have entirely escaped your observation: it is not that our religious societies expend large sums for good music, and seldom succeed, owing to your ridiculous abortive labors to mimic—one can't say imitate—the fine architecture of the DARK AGES.—It is, that some of the most famous mathematicians, natural philosophers and scientific men of the last hundred years, have turned their thoughts to the subject of sound, and have made discoveries which it would not injure you to acquire some slight idea of; and that their discoveries, theories and opinions now form a separate branch of natural philosophy, called Acoustics. I charge you nothing for the information.

If the magnificent organ of Anna Stone can stand the wear and tear of singing down across the great gulf which separates her from the rich men in the place below, I shall think it more wonderful than ever. Perhaps, considering how apt building committees are to meddle and make—that is, to meddle with the architect's business and make asses of themselves—the fault may not always lie with the architect; but that all principles of the law of sound are violated and that continually, one has only to go to a selection of our fashionable churches to find out.

July 3.—So *Harper's Magazine* is starting that humbug story of Beethoven's last hours, which Gungl—not knowing its falsity—used to tell with so much feeling. I wonder it has been so long in getting out, for I have had it in German these five years. It is sufficient, I hope, to say that it belongs in the same category with those absurd and mawkish sentimentalities, which, partly translated from Ludwig Rellstab and partly original, Mrs. Ellet gave the public some time since under the title of

"Nouvellettes of the Musicians." "There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth"—the great composer *did* die, and just so much foundation is there for the foolish sketch in question. If I had the article here from Berlioz on Lenz's book, which appeared some time since in *Dwight's Journal*, I would point out some of its errors and some of its more than doubtful anecdotes. But no matter, it is easier to draw facts from the imagination and the newspapers than to go four thousand miles to Vienna for them—as I know alas! by experience. Fry said the other day, "there is no such thing as a correct biography," and I begin to believe him.

Freundinn asks me what I mean by *pennyroyal* tunes, or rather why I called our old Billings and Holden fuging tunes by that name. I have heard them so called formerly, I suppose by country singers, who had a sort of association in their ideas between the herb drinks and vocal music of their good old country grandmothers. Pennyroyal is I believe exclusively an American plant, and as typical of New England, as heather of Scotland, or wild thyme of Western Europe. And though Stevenson and one or two other obscure tune-makers of the last century in England really devised that sort of psalm tune, it was made in a few years almost exclusively American. I reckon that some New England country feeling has associated Grandfather and Grandmother's tunes with their favorite remedy for the children's colds—We associate the fragrant pennyroyal tea with which we were filled, with the tune to which we were sung to sleep.

And so with No. 50 I close for the present this series of paragraphs, perhaps to be followed soon by a "Musical Diary Abroad," perhaps some time or other to be resumed, who knows? In glancing over the series I find here and there errors which have not been pointed out; but considering that, particularly along at first, the time generally devoted to *Diaristics* was the two hours after "sending up" the last mail gleanings and dispatches for a morning paper—say from one to three A. M.—I am rather pleased to find so little which I would wish to blot out. There is a small circle of friends who will part with the Diary with regret. Dear friends, I hope it is but for a time, and moreover that while it is suspended material will be gained to make it better and of real value when resumed, if ever. Whatever want of discretion and care it may have exhibited, it has been honest—too honest perhaps for Mr. Dwight's interest. This is the praise which you—a baker's dozen only, I know—have accorded; this the praise which I prefer. Adieu.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 8, 1854.

Schools for Solo Singers.

That is a good suggestion of our "Diarist," in last week's Journal, where, speaking of the admirable effect of Mr. Root's vocal teaching in the New York Institution for the Blind, and of his Normal Music School, he asks:

"Now, when we consider the immense amount of money which is paid in this city for singers in the legion of churches, why cannot some arrangement be made to enlarge this school at least to such an extent as to supply a certain number of singers annually from the graduating classes?"

Why should not such a school be instituted in this city, as well as in New York? Why not in all the principal cities? Let the generous and wealthy members of each worshipping society furnish the means of a good musical and vocal education for two or three or four young persons, of promising ability, with the understanding that in return they give their services in the choir on Sundays for a year or more, as may be agreed. Let a Normal School be founded for this purpose,

with the best teachers and professors; a School which may also train up music teachers, as well as choristers, like the Normal Institute, of Messrs. Mason, Root and others in New York. The only difficulty would be in organization, in finding wise directors, suitable teachers, and getting the thing well started. It would be sure to gain strength by its own momentum, and to grow into very considerable importance. For the whole problem of the material where-withal is solved from the outset. It is only to take the money, which is already expended, often wasted, upon salaried singers, and with it secure as good or better singers, with a never failing spring or nursery of song besides. The good already accomplished in the very rudimentary Schools, Conventions, Teachers' Institutes, &c., which have been so popular in our land, shows how much might be done, by equal persistency and tact in organization, towards a more advanced and really artistic standard of musical culture. If the leading amateurs and appreciators of true music in several or all of our religious societies, without regard to sect or creed, would meet and take counsel together, sketch out a working organization, select the fit directors and committees for the employment of teachers, &c., and present the whole thing in a somewhat concrete and earnest shape, who can doubt that their appeal for funds to carry out the scheme would meet with a most generous and hearty response in nine churches out of ten?

What would supply the church choirs, would also remedy the grand defect of those sublime sacred oratorio performances, which have so long been the custom and the pride of Boston. We have most efficient choruses. Our Handel and Haydn Society, our Musical Education Society, our Mendelssohn Choral Society, are either of them adequate, at all times, to a satisfactory interpretation of the sublime "Messiahs" and "Creations," in all respects except the solo songs and more especially the passages of recitative. To hire the Linds and Sontags, the Phillipses and Badialis and Sims Reeveses for this purpose is financially impossible. We must be thankful that such God-sends come occasionally. But the main reliance, for soprano, alto, tenor and bass solos, as well as for the chorus, must be on our own domestic talent.

Now the standard of excellence in solo singing is vastly higher than it was a few years since in this community. We are getting to be almost as exacting as European audiences:—that is, we, the sincerely music-loving—while the all-confident Young American ambition, that extends to all spheres, prompts not a few to affect at least to be even more fastidiously exacting. Very creditable examples we have had of native, and sometimes almost self-taught, solo-singing at the oratorios. But we need still better; we need the same native talent refined in the higher schools of Art; and we need a never-failing fountain of still new supplies of such. Newspaper praise is cheap, and so is the support of friends, and audiences, as a general rule, are kind and patient listeners. But for that that shall really charm and satisfy all, by the pure power of Art, apart from personal considerations, we must depend on something better than mere chance resources.

It is therefore with great pleasure that we notice a movement just commenced in this direction by the government of our good old Handel and

Haydn Society. From what source could it more properly proceed? By a vote of the Trustees, June 12th, it was decided to establish a "SOLO SCHOOL," with competent Professors and Teachers, "the especial object of which shall be to teach and practice the Solo and Concerted music of the various Sacred Works and Oratorios of the great composers, usually rendered at the Society's Winter Concerts." This resolution was laid before a large meeting of the members of the Society, held in the Messrs. Chickering's rooms last week, and was unanimously approved. The organization of the School is already complete, and its first session was announced for Thursday evening last, when candidates were to be examined and classes formed. By the subjoined "Regulations and Conditions" it will be seen that the plan in its economical aspect is essentially the same which our "Diarist" proposes for the benefit of the church choirs: i. e. the Society educates the singers for the sake of their services in its oratorios.

1st. The School shall be under the direct supervision of the President, Vice President, Secretary, and two Trustees, chosen at any regular meeting of the Board. It shall be open to the visits of all the members of the Government, but to none others.

2d. It shall have a Pianist, and such vocal Teacher or Teachers as the Board of Trustees shall from time to time appoint; said Pianist being the accompanist at all meetings in class, and said vocal Teacher or Teachers giving lessons in private and in class, as may be desired, or as will best serve the interest and purposes of the School.

3d. The School shall be open to any member of the Society, and such ladies as the Board of Trustees may invite, who, possessing proper capacities and vocal ability, shall pass an approved examination before the Supervisors, and who shall sign their names, assenting to its Regulations and Conditions.

4th. During such portions of the year as the Board of Trustees shall determine, it shall hold weekly evening sessions in class, for the teaching and practice of such sacred music as the Supervisors may appoint or approve, and lessons in private shall be given when deemed necessary or advisable.

5th. Members of the Society, lady-students, and others entering the School, will be expected to be punctual in attendance at all class meetings and lessons, and to practice and sustain all such solo or concerted parts as may be assigned them.

6th. The instructions of this School being wholly gratuitous to the members, they shall, on their part, when desired by the Solo Committee of the Board of Trustees, render such aid and service at the Winter Concerts and Rehearsals of the Society as may be required of them during the year.

7th. Amateurs and others interested in sacred music, wishing the practice of this School, may be admitted to its weekly sessions by a vote of the Board of Trustees, upon special conditions, and the payment of fifteen dollars, for the term of three months' practice and instruction.

8th. Any dereliction of duty or requirement on the part of members, students, professors, or teachers, connected with this School, shall be left solely to the President, Vice President, and Secretary, and their action in any case referred to them shall be final.

J. L. FAIRBANKS, Pres.	} Board of Supervisors.
GEORGE HEWS, Vice Pres.	
H. L. HAZELTON, Sec'y.	
L. B. BARNES, Trustee,	
I. I. HARWOOD, "	

We understand that Mr. ARTHURSON has been engaged as principal vocal teacher, and that Mr. MULLER, the organist and *maestro al cembalo* of the society will officiate as pianist. But the spirit of the plan is generous and contemplates the bringing in of various teachers, as the peculiar wants and aptitudes of scholars may require. With such provisions, and under such managers,

especially with such energetic and far-seeing economy as now occupies the presidential chair of the Society, the Solo School seems destined to succeed, and with wise management may grow to the importance of a true Classical Academy of Song; for the music, which is to form the theme and staple of their study, is of the loftiest character and by the greatest masters; and when to this is added the opportunity of the best vocal and aesthetic training, we shall have assurance of such sound artistic culture in our young men and women blessed with voices, as shall ere long make it a pleasure rather than an exercise of patience to listen to their recitatives and arias in those noble oratorios, in which one has so often longed for the great choral floods of harmony to roll forth that he might all forget the personalities of singers.

Music in Milwaukee.

A truly musical friend in that remarkably musical city sends us the following pleasing information:

"There is not much going on here now in the musical line, it being so late in the season. I came just in time for the last concert of the Milwaukee Musical Society—the *forty-second* since its commencement about five or six years ago. Considering all the circumstances, I was really very much pleased with the performances. The active members are nearly all amateurs and a good deal of credit is due to their Director, Mr. BALATKA, a very energetic and efficient man, for the way in which he devotes himself entirely to the improvement and rise of his charge. He has established a school for the training of vocal and instrumental forces and does wonders in the cause of music. I venture to say that Milwaukee is far ahead of any other Western and many an Eastern city in this respect. At this concert I was particularly pleased with the choruses, which were remarkable for fine, fresh voices (all German, I think) and very correct shading. There were two or three of them, an overture, a tenor solo, the soprano duet from the *Freyschütz*, an andante from a Quintet by Onslow, *beautifully* played by amateurs, and, as the only piece of humbug, a flute solo with variations, &c. The audience was as much interested as any one could wish.

"During the winter there are private quartet, quintet and singing clubs which meet regularly and play and sing *good* music."

Opera in New York.

MAX MARETZEK opened the first specimen of his new importation of singing birds in Castle Garden on Friday evening of last week. The heat and the approaching bustle of the "glorious Fourth" reduced his audience, which nevertheless was numerous, and the first impression, as described by trustworthy reporters, was encouraging for the success of the new troupe. The piece was the oft repeated *Lucia di Lammermoor*, which was also given on the second night. The orchestra is said to be large and effective, only laboring under the old infirmity of too much brass, at least of the trombone genus, so liberally expended throughout the whole play as to leave no possibility of any climax at the end. The principal singers, as we have before stated, were all new names. Three stepped to the footlights upon this occasion, and it has been hinted that Max was

still keeping his prime cards in reserve. These three acquitted themselves honorably, as we may judge from the *Courier & Enquirer* critic's brief notes, which agree essentially with those of other papers. He says:

Donna VALERIE GOMEZ, the soprano, is slight in figure and not devoid of personal beauty; and as is her person so is her voice. It is thin but not unpleasant in quality; and were it not for an unfortunate proclivity to singing sharp, she would make a very acceptable *prima donna*. She sings delicate passages in her middle register with much neatness. She is quite self-possessed; but has no remarkable trait of style or personal bearing.

Signor NERI BERALDI has one of the sweetest and purest tenor voices, perhaps the sweetest and purest, ever heard in this country. Its quality is delicious, its compass more than ordinary, and its volume quite sufficient to enable him to give good effect of light and shade to his performance. This charming voice he uses with an undeniably correct method; and if his singing did not lack intelligence and fervor he would cause us to think less regretfully of some of his predecessors. Like the soprano he has no striking characteristics of style or manner. He is quite young and in person is much like Mr. ANDERSON, the tragedian.

The baritone, Signor GRAZIANI, we welcome as a much desired acquisition to our operatic force. Young, with a fine person, a manly carriage, and no little histrionic ability, he has also a voice of noble quality and volume. He has that nameless power, sometimes called magnetic, sometimes sympathetic, of making an impression on his audience, they cannot tell why or how. He made the decided success of the evening. His style is something like that of Badiali; of whom, however, he has the advantage only in his youth, and the freshness of his voice.

The performance passed off very pleasantly, with the usual *encores*, and the summons before the curtain after each act. MAX MARETZEK was warmly received, and directed the orchestra with all his wonted spirit and skill.

The next piece put upon the stage (Thursday of this week) was *Maria di Rohan*, with Mme. BERTUCCA-MARETZEK for soprano, and Signora MARTINE D'ORMY, said to be a remarkable contralto. If Marezek has organized a company who average well throughout, so that an entire opera is done artistically, it may be greater gain to opera-lovers than the old plan of one or two bright stars with a nebulous surrounding of inferior talent. It was rather severe trumpet-blowing, however, in his first general announcement, where this new troupe was declared to embrace "the greatest array of talent ever brought together in this country or in Europe"! The lack of antecedent fame, on the part of nearly all these singers, need not forebode failure. Had we not Boston all unheralded? Was not the enthusiasm she created here in Boston prelude and prophecy of the great fame which she has since created in Paris and in London?

There is light English Opera again at Niblo's: which means that the same four familiar pieces of the Auber and Balfe stamp are taking their turn again: viz: the "Enchantress," "Bohemian Girl," "Crown Diamonds," and "Daughter of the Regiment." Mme. ANNA THILLON, after charming plenty of gold from California wallets, is again playing the "Enchantress" to the delight of Broadway crowds.

Oratorios next Winter.

Our three oratorio societies are vigorously organizing for the next autumn and winter campaign. What the old Handel and Haydn Society are doing, we have told above. The incorpora-

tion and choice of officers of the Mendelssohn Choral Society we have also chronicled. The Musical Education Society, too, have just unanimously accepted an act of incorporation granted by the last Legislature, and chosen the following officers for the ensuing year:

President, (W. F. Goodwin, Esq. declining a reelection,) George A. Lord; Vice President, Alvah Spear; Financial Secretary, James D. Kent; Recording Secretary, Wm. B. Merrill; Treasurer, Washington Warren; Librarian, Wm. F. Smith; Directors, James W. Bailey, Joseph Sherwin, N. Broughton, Jr., Geo. T. Stearns, John Albree, Jr., James B. Hill, H. W. Bowen.

Here is material and power enough, to say nothing of the stimulus of wholesome emulation, to realize a rich season in this noble branch of lyric Art. May wise counsels and high aspirations only prevail! Especially in the *most* important matter of the selection of works for study and performance. Such opportunities are too precious to be wasted, or half wasted upon trifles, upon unsatisfactory humdrum pieces; upon repetitions of Neukomm's "David," for the gratification of some who are fond of the easy shouting in its choruses; or upon such a sickly thing as Donizetti's "Martyrs," which consumed a winter of such rare advantage as the having HATTON for director; or upon the idle beating about for novelties which do not pay,—at least, which yield no lasting satisfaction. We never yet have had too many of the standard, master oratorios. The "Messiah" and the "Creation" are well known, and pretty sure to recur periodically. "Samson" and "Judas Maccabæus," too, have had their fair share of attention in these past years. But where is the grandest of grand oratorios (so far as its mountain ranges of great chorus are concerned,—and it is the choruses which constitute the real power and charm of oratorios, until we have the *greatest* solo singers)—where is "Israel in Egypt?" Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and "Elijah," too, are yet far from having reached the hearts of our people, as they are surely bound to do when they shall have been repeatedly and fairly heard.

We make bold to express the hope, therefore, and very earnestly, that, what with all this choral material, the next winter may not fail to give us at least *these* two things: the "Israel in Egypt" and the "Elijah." Both are difficult, but both are of the enduring and the glorious order, and such as will reward with the sweetest sense of difficulties overcome to admirable purpose. The contrast in the characters of these two pieces, too, will bring them fitly into one season's programme; the one being altogether choral, epic and sublime, with but few solos, some of which might be omitted, although their Handelian quaintness is well worth preserving; the other so dramatic, modern, Mendelssohnian. Will not some one or two of our societies see it worth their while to put a right hearty, earnest season's *work* into the preparation of these two things!

How far the Societies may have already shaped their programmes we are not informed. We only know that the Mendelssohn Society have voted to give the "Messiah" on Christmas Eve; have already this summer made some studies upon Beethoven's noble Mass in C, under the conductorship of Mr. Ryan: and are expecting to receive a (to us) new oratorio by Lindpaintner, called "The Widow of Nain."

M. JULLIEN'S SPEECH.—The *Musical Review* gives the following *verbatim* report of the great Conductor's remarks on being crowned by Mr. Fry:

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I am totally unable to encounter this scene. It is one such as I never before experienced, such a multitude, and such enthusiasm. What have I done to deserve it? [Cheers and loud applause.] I have merely fulfilled my destiny. All things have their destiny, the least insect with the proudest man, and there is no honor in the one more than the other. I did not expect to succeed the first year in America. I expected to fail, the first year, and the second year, and the third year. It was five years in Paris before I could build up a reputation, and I anticipated it would be five before I could fully succeed here. But you are too kind to me. [Cries of No, no, and cheers.] You hear me on to immediate success. I have endeavored to do something in this country by bringing greater masses of artists together than had yet assembled. But I must not forget what was done before. There were already great artists here; there was the Philharmonic Society, and the Harmonic Society, and those of other cities, bodies honorable to any capital in the world. [Loud applause.] Then, too, as to composition. The gentleman who has just addressed you, Mr. Fry, as a composer of music, for the orchestra, in the romantic school of grandeur, is equal to any in Europe, any in the world. Then there is Mr. Bristow, (turning to that gentleman, who was on the platform,) who in classic music, in the symphony, or the quartet, will compare in purity with the classic masters, and hold his place of honor." [Renewed applause.]

For Europe!

Our friend the "Diarist" (whom we may as well call by his true name, ALEXANDER W. THAYER, Esq., recently of the *New York Tribune*), has taken passage for next Saturday in the good ship "Orpheus"—appropriate name!—for Bremen. For several years he has been engaged in collecting and digesting the materials for a *Life of Beethoven*; and with a view to the further prosecution of those inquiries, as well as for the recreation of a brain long overtaxed, he now revisits Germany. In spite of the valedictory sentences which close this present number of the "Diary," our readers may expect still to hear from him in the shape of Diary and Musical Letters from Abroad. Success go with him!

Mr. OTTO DRESEL, our accomplished pianist and teacher, sails in the steamer of this day for Europe. Ill health prompts him to seek three months' recreation among his many friends in London, Paris, on the Rhine, in Frankfort, Leipzig, Weimar, and other musical cities in Germany. We hope to see him back in October, with renewed health, ready to meet his pupils and to give us more of those choice concerts.

Dr. S. P. TUCKERMAN, after doing a good work in Greenfield, proposes to leave again, on the 26th of the present month, for England.

Advertisements.

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MUSICAL NOTICE.

T. BRICHER, Teacher of the Organ, Piano-Forte and Singing, having closed his connection as Organist of the Bowdoin Square Church, has removed to No. 7½ Tremont Row, where he will be happy to receive applications for his services as Organist and Teacher of Music. Je 24

ADOLPH KIELBLOCK,
TEACHER OF MUSIC,
No. 30 ASH STREET, BOSTON.

Communications may be left at Mr. Ditson's music store, No. 115 Washington Street. June 10.

VOCAL MUSIC IN CLASSES.

The undersigned proposes to give instruction to YOUNG LADIES in CLASSES, to FAMILIES, and to INDIVIDUALS, as may be desired, in the

Elementary Principles and Practice of Vocal Music,

According to the Pestalozzian or Inductive Method.

The plan proposed will not interfere with instruction in the higher branches of VOCAL EXECUTION, STYLE, EXPRESSION, etc. nor supersede its necessity; but the great object will be, by the establishment of a systematic, well directed, and adequate elementary course, to enable pupils to READ even the most difficult music with ease and fluency—and thus eminently qualify them to receive and profit by their instructions in the more advanced studies of the Art.

New classes formed whenever a sufficient number of pupils shall apply. The price of tuition will be regulated by the number of pupils in a class. Families and small classes met at their residences, if desired.

Apply between the hours of 2 and 3 P. M., at the rooms of George J. Webb & Co., No. 3 Winter St.

E. R. BLANCHARD,
Teacher of the Piano, and Vocal Music in Classes.
Residence, No. 24 West Cedar St. Boston.
References: Messrs. George J. Webb, Lowell Mason. Je 17

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